As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.
3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance, *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipt?
Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. A saile, a saile, a saile.
Cas. What noyse?
Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
Stand ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.
Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.
2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*
Cas. I pray you sir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells the blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?
Enter 2. *Gentleman.*
2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, by seas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors enscerped; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by

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